

MAINE FARMER

AND JOURNAL OF THE USEFUL ARTS.

BY WILLIAM NOYES & CO.]

"Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man."

[E. HOLMES, Editor.]

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The Maine Farmer

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THE FARMER.

WINTHROP, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 11, 1835.

White Mulberry Tree.

The attention that is now turned to the culture of Silk has caused an increasing demand for the tree upon which to feed the worm. For this purpose the White Mulberry and the Chinese Mulberry are best and most sought after. The Chinese Mulberry is as yet scarce and high, and doubts are entertained whether it will or will not withstand all the rigors of the seasons in this State, or even in other parts of New England. We think that it will ultimately become acclimated, but we know that the White Mulberry will abide with us "thro' summers heat and winters cold," and that there can be no risk, as far as its hardiness is concerned, to plant it. The best time to plant it in this region is in the spring, as early as the season will admit.

The soil should be made light, rich and mellow. We have tried it thoroughly in soils that were otherwise and it will not answer. When young it is small and tender, and it will not wrestle with a hard stiff soil or weeds as some trees will. After it is a year or two old it is very hardy, and will suffer hardships as well as almost any tree or shrub that we have. The ground should therefore be made very mellow indeed—it should be prepared exactly in the same way as you would to raise a good crop of carrots, and the seed should be sowed in the same way, and nursed as carefully, and kept as free from weeds. They will push down their roots surprisingly the first summer if you give them a soil that they can penetrate. Before sowing, the seed should be soaked eight or ten hours, and then it will take from 15 to 30 days for them to come up, oftener 30 than 15. It would be a great saving to throw straw, horse manure, or some kind of litter over them during the first winter even if they have grown up quite high, for all of the wood cannot have had time to harden and will of course be killed down by the winter. If the trees have not grown much it is absolutely necessary that they should be covered up lest the frost should heave them out of the ground and freeze their roots. The seed may be sown in August, and even as late as the 10th of September, but then the plants should either be buried very deep during the winter or taken up and put into a cellar where they cannot freeze. Some have recommended the planting them in troughs, containing soil, carrying these down cellar during the winter, and then putting these troughs, in the spring, into a trench and slipping the boards apart and pulling them out.

This is a very good method, and Mr. Cobb, in the Silk Culturist, printed at Hartford, Conn., recommends the following plan for the troughs, viz: instead of having a trough made of three boards, take two only, say eight inches wide and perhaps five feet long. Put the edges together so as to make an angle or gutter—tack straps of leather round to hold them together, and put in a piece of triangular or three cornered board at each end—fill these with good soil and plant your seed. Protect them in the cellar or free from frost during the winter, and in the spring make your trench for them—settle down your trough, cut away your leather straps, and pull up your boards. In this way you have no bottom board to pull out, and the business is done very easily and expeditiously. In regard to the seed, old seed is not so good as new, but if the seed be ripe and good originally, it will oftentimes come up when several years old. We have sowed seed that to our certain knowledge was five years old, and it came up and did well. If the beds be covered with some coarse matting, or something of that nature, and kept a little moist it will hasten the germination of the seed by the moist warmth which it keeps up on the surface of the earth below the covering.

The following directions from the Farmer and Gardener, by Mr. Sinclair, may be of service to some of our readers.

1. To sow an ounce of seed, prepare a bed 50 feet long and 4 feet broad. Manure it well with a compost composed of 1-3d stable manure, 1-3d ashes, and 1-3d decomposed leaves from the wood, or garden mould; dig deep, pulverise finely, and then lay the bed off in drills 12 inches apart, 1-4 or 1-2 of an inch deep; sow the seed as thick as you would onions or parsnips; cover with rich mould, press the mould down gently, but sufficiently to cause the seed to come into contact with the earth; and should the weather be dry, water the seed bed every other evening; it will assist in promoting the germination of the seed and vigorous growth of the plant.

2. Keep the beds clean of weeds; and should they receive an occasional watering with suds or soot and water, say once a week after they are up, if planted this month, August, they will be fit to transplant into nursery rows in April next, or if not desirable to be so removed, they may be permitted to remain until the ensuing spring, care being taken to keep the bed clean of weeds, the earth stirred, and watered in dry seasons.

3. The second year, if not removed before, the plants must be removed into the nursery rows, which must be prepared as for any other crop. The ragged roots being taken off and the tap root shortened, the plants must be planted out 12 inches apart in rows three feet apart, the earth to be well trodden around the plant. As before, the earth must be kept open and free from weeds.

4. At two years old, the plants may be planted out into hedges, at 13 inches apart, in rows six feet wide. The ground should be prepared as before, directed, and some good rich mould put into the holes, to be pressed around the plant. If intended to be planted out as standard trees, 20 feet square apart would be a good distance; but in that case the plants should not be transplanted until they are about an inch in diameter. In either case they will require trimming and topping, and if kept as hedges should be treated as other hedges are.

The Kennebec Co. Ag. Society's Cattle Show & Fair will be held on the second Wednesday in October next.

"What a Farmer wants."

A Farmer wants all that belongs to him, and credit for what he does. We notice frequently in the papers of the day, extracts from our own goodly sheet, ycleped the Maine Farmer, but not a mark or a note to tell from whence it was taken, or a single sign, even so much as to say "thank ye sir." Among sundry articles thus purloined, is a piece of poetry entitled "What a Farmer wants," first published in the Maine Farmer, which may be now found in as many as six different papers without any credit given us for the bantling. It is from the pen of our worthy friend J. H. J. We will call no names at present, but we say unto ye all, "Render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's," and unto the Maine Farmer the things that are the Maine Farmer's.

Monthlies.

PORTLAND MAGAZINE.—This periodical closes the first volume with the present number. The fair Editor has well sustained herself in her arduous course thus far, and there can be no doubt but that there will be a continuance of the same industry, and proofs of lively genius so long as she conducts it. We are aware that there are many persons whose example and advice are of high authority, who disapprove of periodicals or works devoted to light literature, but for ourselves we cannot agree with them. The mind like the body must have its hours of relaxation, and it must have its times of recreation, of free, light and easy thoughts, its sportings of the imagination. The bow that that is always bent loses its elasticity and its usefulness, and the intellect that is always tasked to stern and severe labors, may become stronger in its particular sphere of action, but it also becomes cheerless, morose and forbidding. The buoyancy and brilliancy of thought which please all, attract all, and charm all, are lost, and there seems to be a cold and unearthly gloom surrounding its thoughts and sentiments. Now we are not one of those who would advocate the reading of plays, and novels, and romances as a business. Nor would we recommend all the sickly vapid trash which is issued from the press, but we do advocate and recommend occasional indulgence in works of imagination, of chaste thought, of pure style, of apt, appropriate, and pointed moral—but we are writing a lecture, instead of making a passing notice. The contents of the present number are

Mary Bell—What is it to be Great?—Mothers and Daughters—To a Lady with a Bouquet of Flowers—Sonnet,—On W. E. West's "Cupid & Psyche."—Record of a School—Sunset in the Country—Editorial Notices—The Last Page.

HORTICULTURAL REGISTER, & AMERICAN GARDENER'S MAGAZINE.—These two Journals for September, devoted to the pleasing art of Horticulture, have been received in due time, and read with the pleasure which they always afford. The Register contains a handsome colored engraving of the *Stapelia Irrorata*. We hope soon to see a continuance of Horticultural Architecture which was commenced some time ago. Neat cuts of buildings accom-

panied with other designs, will be of great service in introducing a correct taste in these things, and we should hope would bring about a revolution in the present style of heavy and clumsy building most generally pursued. The Gardener's Magazine contains its usual amount of interesting and material matter. The contents of each are

Register:—I. *Stapelia Irrorata* of Masson—II. New Fruits and Ornamental Plants—III. On the Cultivation of Acrogenous or Point-Growing Plants—IV. On the Cultivation of the Vine, and Wine Making in Champagne—V. On the Cultivation of the Potatoe Onion—VI. Notices from Foreign Publications—VII. On heating Horticultural and Other Buildings by Hot Water—VIII. English periodicals for June and July—IX. Massachusetts Horticultural Society—X. Miscellaneous Articles—XI. Gardener's Work for September.

Gardener's Magazine:—Art. I. Aberration from Animal Instinct. By J. L. R*****—II. On the natural Love of Flowers. By a Correspondent.—III. Select List of Fruits for planting a Kitchen Garden. By Michael Floy, Jr., Nurseryman, New York.—IV. Remarks on the Treatment of the Amryllidæ. By A. B. C.—V. The Apple Orchard. By Mr. E. Sayers, New York.—VI. Floral Calendar of the flowering of Native Plants in the Vicinity of Pittsburg, Penn., from March to May, 1835. By John Lewis Russell, Prof. of Botany and Veg. Phys. to the Mass. Hort. Society.—VII. On the Structure and Formation of Flowers. By J. W. Russell, Superintendent at Mount Auburn.—VIII. Successful Treatment of *Oxalis tetraphylla*. By R.—IX. On the Sowing of several Varieties of Flower Seeds, for the Purpose of having them bloom much stronger and more profusely during the next Season. By the Conductors.—X. Climate—The *Morus multicaulis* and common White Mulberry. By Wm. Kenrick, Nonantum Hill, Newton.—XI. Notices of new and beautiful Plants figured in the London Horticultural and Botanical Magazines; with some account of those which it would be desirable to introduce into our Gardens.—XII. Calls at Gardens and Nurseries.

REVIEWS.—MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For the Maine Farmer.

Corn.

MR. HOLMES:—I recently observed a writer in your paper recommending when corn was struck with the frost, as we call it, the propriety of immediately striping down the husks from the ear. I remember one case of the kind. One of my neighbors pursued that course by the advice of a supposed friend, and thereby much injured his corn, for which he censured his friend for his ignorance.—Others cut up theirs immediately, and shocked it, which turned out very good corn.

As corn is backward the present season, and may meet a similar disaster, I think proper to make known the above fact, as in such case it is very important that the best mode should be pursued, which is not by striping down the husks as recommended in the piece alluded to.

N. FAIRBANKS.

Wayne, September 8th, 1835.

Canal Meeting.

In compliance with a public notice, a large number of the citizens of the several towns of Farmington, Chesterville, Livermore, Fayette, Wayne and Gardiner, assembled in Fayette on the 3d inst.

The meeting was called to order by E. SMITH, and the object of it stated. MOSES HUBBARD, of Fayette, was chosen Chairman, and ENOCH SMITH, of Fayette, Secretary.

Voted, That a Committee be appointed to ascertain and cause an immediate survey to be made of the most feasible route for opening a communication by means of Railways and Canals from Winthrop Stream, through Wayne, Fayette, Livermore and Chesterville to Sandy River.

Henry W. Owen of Wayne, Ezra Fisk of Fayette, James Wing of Wayne, Capt. Cyrus Foss of Wayne, Josiah Chancy of Chesterville, Dr. H. G. Allen of Wayne, Thomas Haskell of Livermore, Reuben Lowell of Chesterville, Lewis Hunton of Livermore, Daniel Fifield of Fayette, John Morrison and Joseph Ware of Farmington, were chosen a Committee for that purpose.

A statement of a survey from Kennebec River to Wayne Mills was made by Mr. P. Sheldon of Gardiner, and the utility and importance of Internal Improvements warmly urged. Communications were also made by gentlemen from various sections of the contemplated route, and a lively interest manifested in the undertaking.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary and published in the Maine Farmer.

Voted, That this meeting be adjourned to meet at the Baptist Meeting House in Fayette, on Thursday the 22d of Oct. next, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Per order,

MOSES HUBBARD, Chairman.

ENOCH SMITH, Secretary.

Fayette, Sept. 3, 1835.

Letter from Old Colony. No. 2.

MR. HOLMES:—Dear Sir, I propose to make a few remarks on the past and present state of business in the "Old Colony."

Only some thirty years ago, the business of this part of the country was almost exclusively Agricultural. Commerce and the fisheries, furnished employ for a small portion of the capital and population of the sea board, and Cape Cod. *Manufacturing*, according to the present acceptation of the term, was then almost, or entirely unknown here. There were, it is true, the *household* manufactures of wool and flax; but these were necessarily on a small scale, and would now be thought rude enough. There were carpenters enough to erect what buildings were wanted, "after a fashion,"—blacksmiths to shoe the oxen and horses, and make the rough, heavy, clumsy implements of iron and steel used by the farmer. The shoe makers, or *cobblers*, travelled from house to house, with their tools on their backs, (the employer found the stock,) and "did up" the shoemaking for the people once a year.

The last war introduced the manufacture of cotton goods by water-power and machinery. The weaving was done by hand,—the power loom being of still more recent introduction. Sheep and wool were also somewhat increased during the war. The peace which followed, found here and there a few small factories for spinning cotton yarn, scattered over the country. These, with a few furnaces and forges, were, I believe, the only manufacturing establishments among us, and they did not employ more than one twelfth or sixteenth part of the population.

A comparison of the business of that period with the present, shows a most astonishing change. Every stream, however small it be, is now compelled to yield its power in propelling the hammer and the spindle of the artizan and manufacturer.—There are now many extensive establishments for the various manufactures of iron and steel, copper, brass, &c.,—large manufactories of cotton, such as calicoes, shirtings, sheetings, and carpetings. These have abolished the culture and household manufacture of flax, and the hand manufacture of cotton. In addition to these are the very extensive manufactures of *leather*, (at some of the establishments for which, they cut up even a ton of leather per

day,)—which taken with those abovementioned, employ at this time, a large majority of the population, notwithstanding there has been a large accession to commerce and the fisheries, especially to the whale fishery. Commerce is now engaged as the carrier of manufactures.

Besides the manufactures above mentioned, there are the making of straw and Tuscan bonnets; and of late, the rearing and management of silk worms, in some instances, which altogether employ a good many females at good wages.

This great extension of manufactures, has, of course, very much enhanced the price of labor. The wages of females, particularly, have more than doubled, and in many instances quadrupled, within a few years. I was told a day or two ago, by a relative of mine, engaged in cotton manufacturing, that some of his weavers, (girls,) made five dollars a week.

Thus the facilities afforded to the poorer classes for acquiring property, have wonderfully multiplied. But as an offset for these advantages, there has been introduced among them a most pernicious fondness for *dress* and *show*, a habit of extravagance and want of economy, which often prevents the benefits they might receive, from being *permanently* realised. When at church, or abroad, the maid or servant is seen attired in as rich clothes as the master or mistress, or, to use a term less objectionable in a republic, their *employer*. The state of intelligence among these classes, is believed to have on the whole increased, as the means for acquiring information are much easier obtained through the medium of primary schools and periodical publications.

The revolutions in business effected by the introduction of manufacture, is not confined to the diversion of labor into new channels, &c., but it has extended to *agriculture*, and caused almost an entire change in the *course* of farming. Thirty or forty years ago, the marketable products of the Old Colony farmers, (if he had any except lumber,) were Indian corn and rye, with a *little* beef and pork. These were sold in Boston, or bartered for fish on the sea board. Labor was cheap, and would not readily command cash,—neither would the *products* of labor bring cash, so that the farmer could not then "afford to hire." There is now a market for everything the farmer can raise, at his own door, at fair prices and for cash. But canals and rail roads, and internal navigation, have brought the Indian corn of the South and West to this market in such quantities and at so low prices, that it is not now much grown here for sale. Rye is yet raised perhaps as much as ever, as the sterile plains and gravel knolls of this section, are better adapted to this grain than to anything else. The farmers keep fewer cattle and sheep, make less beef, and raise less wool than formerly. Much more hay is produced, but owing to the increase of horses used in stages, baggage-wagons, &c., the price of that article has risen, and is always quick for cash at from \$15 to \$20 per ton,—of course the farmer finds it more profitable to sell his hay than to feed it to cattle and sheep as he used to do. He keeps up and increases the fertility of his farm either by keeping swine and making manure with them, or by carting manure from the towns and villages. He finds it difficult to obtain farm labor, even at prices which are too high in proportion to the value of his marketable products; hence he strives to make the most of his labor, manages as much as possible within himself, and saves as much as he can by the use of improved implements of husbandry and labor-saving machines. His sales are made chiefly

to the manufacturers, and consist mainly of fruits, vegetables, and hay.

Some remarks on the improvements in cultivation, and in implements, will be made in my next.

Yours, &c., *A Son of the Pilgrims.*

Croakers.

In every country, and in every age, there have been a set of men most wisely denominated *Croakers*, who, without enterprise of their own always discourage the enterprise of others, always foretold defeat to every scheme, and always found, in every harvest, the seeds of ruin and disaster. We have said they belong to every age, every country, and every neighborhood. Who was it that laughed at Galileo? Why, a croaker. Who was it that in his own consummate ignorance, endeavored to convince Galileo that his astronomical speculations were foolish, nay, more, heretical? Was it not a croaker? And when the astronomer would not be silent or inactive, after discovering the true motion of the earth, what did the croaker gang do? Why they gave Galileo the alternative of going to prison, or renouncing his own discoveries! What consummate stupidity! What egregious folly! Why didn't the croakers, instead of attempting to compel the discoverer of the earth's motion to declare himself a fool or madman, why, instead of attempting to do this, did they not try to arrest the revolutions of the earth, make it stand still, and become a perpetual monument of the divinity of their heaven-born croaking. It were as easy to do that as to erase from Galileo's mind those sublime principles which led him to discern order in every thing, and discover wisdom in the minutest ray that radiated from the source of eternal light.

The moment Dr. Franklin has established himself in business in Philadelphia, he was visited by one of those walking plagues, a croaker, who told him that "Philadelphia was decaying fast, that business would never again be prosperous; and she had seen her best days, and that there was no chance for young men now."

Franklin says, in his biography, this conversation made such an impression on his young mind, as almost to frighten him into despondency. Had he heard this "croaking" before he opened his office, he would have instantly left Philadelphia, bidding farewell to all prospects of success in a city where business was so dull, with ruin standing at its gates and despair hovering over its walls. Franklin fortunately could not look back, for the tide hurried his course onward, and, had he rested on his oar, he must have been swept back beyond his starting point. Had Franklin, overcome by this doleful appeal, this thread-bare elegy of a grave-yard fancy, abandoned Philadelphia, what would have compensated for his absence? A page of deathless glory would have been torn from history, science would have lost a devoted son, philanthropy an untiring benefactor, and patriotism one of her elect; the lightning would have lost a master, and all future ages the all-powerful example of a man, who, without learning, wealth, or patronage, kindled on the altar of fame a fire, that will, for all time, send up incense to the name of Franklin. Such must have been the disastrous results. For, driven from Philadelphia, to what place could he have directed his steps? Not to Boston, for he had just left it in such a manner as to render success there an impossibility. His mind could not have sworn allegiance to the reigning spirit of New-York. Hence there was no spot, where the wing of his imagination might fold itself in happiness, but Philadelphia. There he settled, prospered, lived in usefulness and died in honor.

To come nearer home, we have heard that Samuel Slater, when he had just commenced life in this village, had to listen to many doleful prophecies concerning his manufacturing prospects. His failure was predicted, his ruin, and the consequent loss of those deeply engaged with him in business, and the extreme folly of manufacturing cotton in America, were all set forth in true croaking style. He cannot succeed, mark my words, says one. Why, I told him not to attempt any thing, says another. He looks so coarsely clad, his clothes so ragged, and his apparent anxiety are to me evidence he's going astern, says a third wisacre.

While the croakers were busy in their foolish pursuits of crushing the vigor and blasting the hopes of every one that disdained to take their precious

suggestions into consideration, Slater was accumulating wealth and secretly laughing at their vaporous fancies and midnight bug-bears. He could not be deluded by croakers, who like ciphers are valuable only when placed on the right side of society, and when separated, return to their original insignificance again. Such a mind as Slater's, so fertile in expedients, with the experience of England for his guide, and his own unwavering diligence for his champion, took possession of wealth, if not by birthright, by the force of his own successful exertions. Such a man could hold no communion with the mournful body of croakers, funeral busybodies, but keeping his march onward, he grasped the realities of fortune, and left to others the shadow.

Another example, one that will strike every intelligent reader with surprise, Fulton's, is adduced to prove that every one ought to spurn the croaker's miserable interference. Fulton, when employed in inventing and making the steamboat, was continually pestered by the doleful stories of these personifications of ill-luck. They 'grieved to think he was wasting so much time on his steamboat, for his experiment must fail. To navigate a vessel by steam: it was madness to entertain the idea. Mr. Fulton ought to stop, he will ruin himself: the times are over for any great improvement now.' This was the chorus of mournful sound, rising at all times before the ear of Fulton. Had he, as many a man has, been discouraged by neglect, cast down by contempt, affected by the gibes and taunts of the witling, or the air of authority of the man of learning, Fulton would have bowed his head to the earth, and licked the dust in bitterness of spirit. But he was sterner of stuff. While he remembered he had a livelihood to make, he did not forget he had a country to benefit. When his enemies attempted to change his invention to a foolish scheme and his humbled and unrewarded perseverance into a symptom of madness, he then felt as if they dishonored the name of America, and were unworthy of the great advantages which his invention would lavish on all parts of his growing country. He received the reproaches cast upon him with a determination to faint not till he had launched his invention on the rivers of the country, where it would forever float, like a monarch borne triumphantly on the shoulders of his subject people. To a few men, such as Clinton and some others, was revealed a true estimate of Fulton's character and scheme. Through their influence he obtained assistance to execute his plan, and hurl back the aspersions on his genius in the teeth of his accusers. His children have lived to see the fairy creations of their father's genius, like so many living arteries freighted with the loftiest treasures, the life-blood of a great empire, floating to the remotest extremities of our nation, annihilating the barriers of space, wind, and tide. Antiquity bows before the wonders of this invention.

So much for a chapter on croakers.—*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

Improvement of Agricultural Plants.

If farmers would pay as much attention to the improvement of their seeds as horticulturists have to their fruit, the science of farming would assume still higher importance. The following is an extract from an article by Patrick Shirreff, Esq.

To Messrs. Drummond, Managers of the Sterling Agricultural Exhibition.

GENTLEMEN,—Having experienced much gratification on visiting your Exhibition Rooms on the 30th of November last, I venture to obtrude on your notice a few observations regarding the improvement of agricultural plants.

The world is said to be an immense manufactory and the justness of the remark may be illustrated by the details of agriculture. The cow yields dairy produce—the wheat plant, the material of bread—and the herbage which forms pastures, either nourishes the cow or wheat plant as it is applied. In short, the acres of the farmer constitute his workshop, animals and plants his machinery. The stately short-horn, and creeping white clover, occupy separate departments, and a union of their results is necessary to certain processes. To both kinds of machinery, man is indebted for many of the necessities and conveniences of life; but animals must be considered the highest description,

plants the most extensively [useful. Amidst the variety of nature, the agriculturist selects his machinery, and possesses the power of deteriorating or improving the objects of his choice.

The field for the improvement of agricultural plants may be illustrated by objects in your exhibition. The grains of Morocco wheat from the Edinburgh Experimental Gardens are about twice the size of those commonly cultivated in this country. The Ear in glass of Mungoswells' group, contains three times the number of grains; and, flour from Talvera species, in the same collection, is ten per cent superior. By combining the three properties, size, number, and quality, the soils at present cropped with wheat might be made to yield upwards of six and a half times their present amount of human food. This is an extreme calculation, but when diminished by calm reflection, enough will remain to delight the philanthropist and engage the attention of those interested in the advancement of agriculture.

The mode of attempting to combine the properties of different varieties into one, is familiar to those conversant with the sexual organs of plants. The ingenious Mr Knight impregnated the wheat plant, and stated the offspring not to have stood pure by re-production from seed. I hope to be able to illustrate this point, having fifteen wheat plants at present growing from impregnated seeds. No successful scientific attempt seems to have been made to improve agricultural plants, but the results obtained by horticulturists are encouraging to farmers.

A number of cultivated plants produce new varieties, by agency, unknown to man; and the higher the state of cultivation, the more likely are new varieties to appear, which are occasionally superior to the original ones. Indeed, improvement in cultivated plants, as in animals, is progressive by judicious selection and treatment, and a good variety may confidently be regarded as the harbinger of a better. But man cannot, at pleasure, call into existence superior varieties, which may be regarded as the offspring of chance; it is therefore important to discriminate and preserve them when they do appear.

The Hopetoun oat exemplifies this. It attracted notice from its height, and was preserved at harvest; but had I not accidentally made a collection of oats a short time before, the original ear of Hopetoun oats would, in all probability, have been destined to tickle the palate of my favorite horse, and thereby lost, perhaps, forever.

Whatever advantages may result from artificially impregnating agricultural plants, an important field of improvement is known to exist in selecting varieties produced by nature, to which the attention of agriculturists ought to be particularly directed, and the humble ploughboy generally possesses sufficient time and talent to enter on the investigation. As evidence of this description of riches occasionally presented to man, it may be stated that, in the year 1830, I observed minute potato plants in a pheasant cover, not likely to have been produced from cultivated tubers, and it instantly occurred to me that the plants must have proceeded from seeds transported by birds. The potatoes, then the size of peas, were preserved, and produced six or seven new varieties, one of which is considered highly valuable.

PRESERVING RUTA BAGA.—The following is Judge Buel's method of preserving the Ruta Baga, as given in a former volume: "To secure for winter, pits are made in the field, upon dry ground, two and a half feet broad, and as long as may be convenient, and of two to four feet depth. These are filled, and the roots piled above the surface, in a roof-like form, till they terminate in a ridge. A slight covering of straw is then given, and the whole covered with earth, two feet or more in depth. A salutary precaution is then to make holes, with a bar, at intervals of three or four feet, upon the ridge, through the covering, that the rarified air which will be generated may escape. This may be partially closed with a wisp of straw. Another precaution is to cover the mound with a coat of yard manure early in December, the better to exclude the frost."

Northern Discovery.—The French government has offered a reward of nearly 20,000 dollars for the discovery and rescue of the officers and crew of a brig which sailed a few years since on an expedition to the northern seas.

Mr. Brooks' Letters. No. 3.

From the Portland Advertiser.

THINGS IN ENGLAND—SCENERY, &c.

JUNE, 1835.

Every heart beat quicker and louder, as we sailed along the channel with Old England itself on one side, and the Isle of Wight on the other. This is England then! With what joy does an American visit the land of his fathers, in whose glory, in whose triumphs over man and matter he shares! Shakespear is ours as well as theirs, and so is Milton, and that by-gone host of the mighty dead, who in aforesaid times have consecrated almost every hill and glen that dots or marks the surface of old England. An American more than all other strangers, is just the man to feel and share in all the pride of England,—and so is an Englishman, if he would but shake off his narrow political prejudices, the very man to love us and ours, as we are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. A community of language and of literature, makes us thoroughly understand each other. But what adds more to the charm, is, that an American wherever he goes, exchanges the new for the old, and an Englishman the old for the new. We step from the forest, the mighty river, and the terrific cataract, to a scenery as unlike ours as one can fancy,—so soothing, so quiet, so cultivated, so deliciously beautiful that I would hardly exchange all mere enjoyments of years for the one single day of unutterable delight, that the eye alone had when I first put foot upon the English shore. I did not believe that I saw nature. I fancied that I was in a fairy land. It was so unlike for miles and miles, as I rode on an outer seat of the coach from Portsmouth to London the scenery we have, that it did not seem to me possible that ever nature herself could cover the earth in such beauty. The lawns were so verdant; the parks of the nobles and gentry so beautifully adorned with trees and walks and bridges; the cottages so tastefully inwreathed in flowers and ivy; and all nature in such holiday attire, that moving as we did more than 10 miles an hour over a road as perfectly made as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or the McAdamised way in front of the old State House, (Boston)—in a stage coach with twelve persons outside and four in, that I could not persuade myself it was ought else than delusion, and even now I enjoy all over again in the mere narration. The very horses as they galloped over the well-watered road, (and here is a luxury for the traveller, and the roads are kept sprinkled for miles, on some lines 60 miles out of London, from wells filled with iron pumps by the way side,) the very horses (so superbly groomed!) as they shook the flowers that festooned their heads did indeed in their light trappings, "share with their master in the pleasure and the pride." What could be fresher or more novel than all this to an American,—and my delight was doubly increased by the contrast, for when I left N. York a tardy spring had hardly warmed the earth or leafed the trees, and a long stretch of ocean had prepared me for the full enjoyment of a summer that burst upon us as if by magic. I could not have selected a happier time to enjoy such a contrast, for it was, as it were, awakening from the frosts of rough and surly winter to the sudden warmth of a Lapland summer.

I have said that Englishmen and Americans are the very men to feel in the highest degree the peculiarities of each other's homes. I have in part told you why. The horror—the utter detestation I have of much that is done here in manners and matters, no language can express. Of them I will speak anon—and I can very well see in what way a "well-bred Englishman" must be shocked every step he takes in the United States. But I am now going to speak only of the first impressions of scenery and associations—the delightful part of travelling which it is well only to think of, forgetting its afflictions as much as one can. I have said that an American when he visits England exchanges the New for the Old,—but here antiquity has one charm for an American that no European can feel. The old is not only old to us, but it is new also,—something fresh, and for the first time seen and felt. We have a new sensation all at once, a new soul as it were, and ideas that never before thronged the brain throng there now. We have not grown up among it as the European has, and lost the novelty of the sight by a constant gaze,—but we have come from a far-off land, whose Cathedrals are the arch-

ed forests of a thousand years, with an antiquity beyond the stretch of History,—the builder of whose temples has been God himself,—working for ages in sublimity, and silence, and terror amid the Mountain, Lake and River,—and we exchange this magnificent luxuriance of Nature for what has History—for the land where the Briton, the Saxon, the Roman, and Norman dwelt,—for the Gothic pile, the lofty battlement, overgrown with the yew and the elm, and the tower buried in ivy—for a scenery beautiful, soothing and quiet as I have said, but as far removed from the awful grandeur of ours as the sun from the least twinkling star. I have laughed till it was painful at English waterfalls kept for show (sights sold at six-pence! over which it is fashionable to have spasmodic enthusiasms)—and I have been sad and cast down at the pitiful ambition of man, as I have wandered over ruined Abbeys, and the broken-open stone coffins of great men and kings which the peasant now kicks from his pathway. Oh what lessons for the young American—how fruitful with moral instruction, and how solemnly impressing upon him the meanness of vulgar ambition!

The peculiar charm of English scenery in an American eye is its cultivation. What we dislike most, an Englishman loves most. The trees that we hew down with barbarian recklessness, he plants with assiduous care. Forests that are bores to us, are as mines of gold to him. With just as much avidity as we (of the North) seek to build on the road, he seeks to build from it. As we of the cities dislike country-life, so he loves it. As we cluster together in villages, so he avoids them. As we seek the heart of a town, so he abhors it. These facts and the possession of landed property in few and noble hands, lead to some remarkable differences in the two countries. Hence though we may say in America, with a semblance of truth, that "God made the country, and man made the town," he cannot say it here with any truth at all. Man here has had as much to do in making the country as in making the town. Wealth seeks it, and lavishes there its possessions. The chief ambition of almost every merchant is to have his country seat. One is quite necessary to a nobleman's rank. Thus even the humblest farmer catches this most delightful taste. His cottage is often covered all over with flowers. The hedges are often beautifully trimmed about it. Fine walks are laid out. All that is unpleasant in farming life is concealed as much as possible from public view,—and it would be a disgrace for a farmer to have such front doors, and such public barn yards as two thirds of our farmers have. By the way, this is important and the farmer who will reform, will do great service to his neighbors—important I say, for such a taste has more influence upon the character of a people than many suspect. Hence too, there is a love for the country all over England,—and with it there is a taste for and an appreciation of cultivated scenery, of landscape that we have not.

The gentleman here seeks for his house a prospect as well as a foundation. The mountain and the little lake he always looks for when he can. A rivulet that we would think nothing of, I have often seen made every thing that is beautiful. The cliff that would be wild forever with us, is often adorned with walks, and flowers, and hedges. Even the little cascade is fashioned and shaped to make it yet prettier than it is. Wealth luxuriates in such a taste. The poor here are not driven as with us into the suburbs of towns, for wealth seeks the suburbs to build its walks and its gardens,—and the heart of the town is left for the poor. Let then the setting sun, or the mid day sun as softened and mellowed by the over-hanging cloud of an English sky, fall upon a landscape thus ever kept verdant and thus richly cultivated,—and an American can hardly believe that he sees aught else than a mighty picture. Fancy struggles hard with Fact. We enjoy such things more than all other people when we see them here, because our country is so new, and the contrast is so great. What an ecstasy of delight, then, an Englishman must feel, rocked and cradled in a scene so quiet, so soothing, so mild,—when taken from his little rivulets and brooks that he calls rivers,—his hills that he calls mountains, and fells and pipes, his ponds that he calls Lakes and Loches—his woods and parks that he calls forests, his cascades and bubbles that he misnames waterfalls—what depth of emotion he must have when going from home, he sees what is a River, a Lake, a Mountain, a Fall of water. The father of waters,

or the roar of Niagara are wonders to him which we can hardly share with him, born as we are within their influence. Some scenes in Western Virginia, which by the way, I think the most impressive of all our American scenery, or many in Maine in her woods and fastnesses that I could mention,—which by and by will be "the Lakes George" of America, would be fortunes, immense fortunes as mere shows in England. By the by, we differ as a people from the English just as our scenery and our localities differ. A curious essay I think might be written upon this, but I am, at what ought to be the end of a letter lost already in the mist of an Essay in doors, and a London coal smoke, if I go out. I will send you letters enough and to spare anon.

B.

From the Eastern Magazine.

Maine.

"My native land, my country, thou
With all thy rugged mountains piled—
With howling winds, and drifting snows,
Along thy dark untrodden wild;
Hath sweeter breath than India's gales,
Smiles brighter than Italia's vales."

It has been thought by some, that Maine, as far as it regards moral cultivation, and natural scenery, is devoid of interest. But let the sceptic, who doubts the existence of the former, or the grandeur and sublimity of the latter, come and examine for himself,—for to such an one it would be needless to say, that our scenery is not unequalled, even in the days of romance and fiction. Let him visit the inland towns on the Penobscot waters,—where but a few years since, the foot of the white man had not left its impress: and witness the rapid improvement of the increasing population, in the various degrees of intellectual and moral refinement, there exhibited: bid him compare the present state of society, with that of ten years ago; and then tell me, if this section of the country is destitute of moral interest.

Let him trace to their sources, the broad rolling Kennebec and Penobscot, with their numberless tributary streams,—their stupendous cataracts, and romantic cascades,—their boiling whirlpools and curling eddies,—their green meadows and echoing cliffs, that for centuries have answered to nought, save the bound of the wild deer—the shout of the daring hunter, or the awful thunder of the Heavens. Let him seek the romantic lakes, that lie embosomed among our mountains, and encircled with the everlasting green of our majestic forests,—and tell me if Maine cannot boast of her natural scenery. It is true, that the traveler in search of the wonderful, will not find the ruined cities, and crumbled palaces, of the old world;—but let him remember that these mountains have withstood the tempestuous blasts of centuries, unmoved,—that the perennial hue of these lofty pines, have defied the howling storms of winter; and the scorching sun of summer, for ages;—that, from time immemorial, these rivers have rolled on in the same undeviating course, unheeded by the eye of man;—that the glossy surface of these lakes have been ruffled by the wind of many storms, and reflected the image of the beautiful Indian maid; and borne the light canoe over their untroubled bosoms. In these forests the Indian built his rude habitation;—here the council fire blazed;—here the warwhoop was echoed with shrilling blast through the impenetrable forest;—here the pipe of peace was smoked;—here in short, lived the forgotten child of the native, and was happy; and here rest his remains—unconscious that the presence of the white man pollutes the soil above him.

If he does not find the luxuriant plantations of the south, he does not find their wretched appendages,—the curse of slavery never rested on these shores, and the dreadful plague has passed them unharmed.

If he does not find the flourishing manufactories of the west—he does not find their glaring distinctions, of rich and poor: but he will find the soil producing the necessities of life in abundance; and even its luxuries are not withheld,—but every rank, from the opulent citizen to the retired woodsman, enjoying the comforts of life, in a superlative degree:—he will find the smile of contentment on every face, and the voice of praise on every tongue. And who would turn from these away, to the re-

ined greatness and aristocratical remembrances of the old world? Is not a scene among our lakes and mountains preferable to one among the buried cities, or sandy deserts of the east? The former, naturally points our admiration to the Creator, who formed magnificence and grandeur,—the latter carries us back to the dark ages of the world, and reminds us that we are viewing what remains of the work of mortals,—still more feeble and erring than ourselves: these tell us that the beautiful flowers of the earth, were formed for the humble savage, as well as the haughty king,—and that God has made no distinction between man and man,—that the poor and humble, the rich and powerful, are alike in his eye;—those tell us that man has presumed to make a distinction, by rearing palaces and castles for the abode of kings; but God has not deigned to notice their distinctions, and the palace and the hut lie mingled in the same heap of ruin and desolation. These tell us that nature, has, with a fanciful taste, formed our happy land, and that it still continues to reap her favors: the blight and desolation has never visited it,—malignant diseases and famine are strangers among us: health, peace, cheerfulness, and prosperity, crown all our labors; and, as a people, contribute to render us brave, virtuous, and industrious,—as individuals, intelligent, useful, and happy.

Williamsburg, July, 1835.

Shade of Trees.

As trees are placed either naturally or artificially around the borders of fields appropriated to tillage, it is important that the farmer should be apprised of the different effects which the shades of different trees may have on certain plants. The information on this subject is derived from the certificates of Mr. Livingston, of New York.

I plant maize, says he, on the west side of a young wood, consisting of oaks, poplars, a few chestnuts, and a large mulberry somewhat advanced into the field. The shade made by the rising sun extends nearly across the field, and was not entirely off until about ten o'clock. It reached the corn which was extremely injured; it was yellow & small. The conical shape of the morning shade, from particular trees might be traced to considerable extent, in the sickly appearance of the plants. The black oak was likewise injurious, but less so than the chestnuts: the poplars very little so. Near the mulberry the corn was covered by its shade for a very long time every morning, and though not so large as that which had more sun, maintained a healthy appearance.

He further remarks, that the shade of the black oak is particularly hurtful to the growth of wheat; that of the sugar maple does but very little injury to the growth of grain, and more to grass.

From the observations respecting the effects of the shades of the sugar maple, the mulberry, and the locust, it might be expedient to plant those trees around some fields designed for pasture, grain, or meadow; especially the locust, which, in the essay on the management of wood land, is described to be very valuable for many mechanical purposes, which require solidity and durability. It will propagate itself too in the most barren places, where the soil is even so light as to be blown away by the winds. By sheltering such places, and dropping its leaves on them, it causes a sward to grow over them, and grass to grow upon them. It is, however, objected by some, that it is not advisable to plant the locust on the borders of fields, on account of their spreading too much, by scattering their leaves unless on those which are most barren. This objection, however, it would seem, might be obviated, when the field to be enclosed by the locust, was often to be appropriated to the purpose of tillage, especially in the culture of the be, by which every superfluous plant might be suppressed.—*Farmer's Library.*

Corn Husks for Beds.

As soon as the husks of Indian corn are fully ripe, they should be gathered when they are dry in a clear air. The outer hard husks are to be rejected, and the softer inner ones to be full dried in the shade. Cut off the hard end formerly attached to the cob, and draw the husk through a hatchel, or suitably divide it with a coarse comb. The article is then fit for use, and may be put into an entire

sack as straw is, or be formed into a mattress, as prepared hair is. Any upholsters can do the work. This material is sweet, pleasant and durable.

From the Genesee Farmer.

Hybrid Squashes.

It has been made a question whether the effects of hybridism are perceptible in the fruit which encloses those seeds that produce hybrids? That is whether a melon which has undergone cross-fertilization from an inferior variety, will when it ripens, be of inferior flavor, in consequence of such process? According to the principles of Vegetable Physiology no such deterioration can happen. The inference for practical gardeners therefore is, that they may plant all the different varieties of melons, cucumbers, squashes, and pumpkins in the same quarter without any apprehension that the fruit of that season will be injured in the least; and if no seeds are to be saved for planting, then no damage whatever will accrue. In other words, the first appearance of intermixture would be in the fruit which is derived from such seeds.

We give the following statement in proof of this doctrine,—premising that the two kinds of summer squashes which we cultivate, are, 1. The Bush or Pattypan Squash (*Cucurbita melopepo*) and 2. The Long running Squash (*Cucurbita subverrucosa*.) The principal points in the character of the first species, to which we invite the reader's attention, are, the stem or vine, which is "depressed umbonate, and tumid at the edge." From this the second species differs by a vine twelve feet in length, with "fruit clavate [club shaped,] elliptical and somewhat warted."

Last spring we were very particular to take the seeds of these two kinds from the squashes, (which were fine specimens,) and plant them with our own hands. The following anomalies have occurred: From a seed of the Bush Squash, we have a vine five feet in length which nourishes a round yellow field pumpkin, now nearly ripe. From several seeds of the running Squash, we have short stems not exceeding three feet in length, bearing long squashes, in the same crowded manner as the Bush Squash bears its fruit. From one of the latter sort of seeds however, we have a vine six feet in length, which produces fruit intermediate between the Long Squash and the Pumpkin, having a thick straight neck, but in other respects resembling the outline of the winter squash. All of them are unquestionably hybrids.

From the New York Farmer.

Turkish Preparation of the Tomato.

SIR:—In one of your late numbers, I observed a notice of the Tomato, by one who appears to appreciate that vegetable at its just value. Without, however, agreeing with your correspondent in all its claims to excellence as an important article in the Materia Medica, I conceive we have nothing to equal it in giving pungency and flavor to our commonest dishes. It is a great desideratum to have it at all seasons of the year, and some of your readers will doubtless feel obliged by learning how to obtain it in a simple, easy, and economical manner. In Turkey, it is a universal favorite, and enters into the composition of all their sauces. I frequently saw it made, and the following recipe may be depended on, as it was corrected under the eyes of the good housewife herself.

The tomatoes are first washed in a weak brine, and hung up in a cool place to drain, until the following day; then squeeze them thoroughly by hand, throwing away the skins. The pulpy mass is strained through a fine cloth to prevent the seeds from passing through. It is then salted; put into shallow earthen plates, or dishes, and exposed to the sun for 12 days, or until it becomes a thick paste. It should be stirred with a wooden spoon, twice a day, while exposed to the sun. With respect to the quantity of salt to be added to the paste, the rule is, to put a hand-ful and a half to the pulp of a hundred tomatoes, if large, and less, if smaller.

Those who prepare tomatoes in this way will be surprised at the small quantity obtained, but their surprise will cease when they learn how far it will go. A bit not larger than a Lima bean will be sufficient to flavor the soup of a family of 20 persons; and a much smaller quantity for sauces. A

small pot which I brought with me, containing about half a pint, lasted my family more than a year and we used it very freely.

By stirring it frequently, fresh portions are exposed to the sun, and the salt is more thoroughly incorporated with it. The rule of 12 days holds good at Constantinople, and I should think would be sufficient here. At any rate, it should be thoroughly dried, (covering it over at night,) until it becomes of the consistence of hard butter.

I have planted a large quantity of tomatoes, and shall make the sauce according to the above recipe.

Should an opportunity present, I will forward a small specimen, in order that you may knowingly recommend it to your readers.

Yours, truly,

D.

Mixed Food.

Having been in early life much accustomed to, and a close observer of Pennsylvania farming, I was much pleased with the German economy of increasing forage for their cattle, by the aid of art, in mixing food—they being assured that the process adds to the capacity of each ingredient, for furnishing nutritive properties.

This theory they put in practice throughout many parts of the state, in their mode of putting up green clover, as a forage for milch cows during winter; not only preserving, as they believe, in a superior manner the fine qualities of the clover, but augmenting equally the quantity of forage. As fast as the clover is cut they stack it, mixing equal quantities of well preserved straw, and a small portion of salt, sprinkled regularly over the clover as the layers are completed. The gratification with which the cattle appeared to feed on this preparation throughout the winter, I early noticed, especially when it was cut up in the box, and served out to them in troughs—one tin pint cup full of rye or Indian meal, seasoning the food of a day, when confined to their stalls.

I once had the pleasure of witnessing an experiment made by an intelligent German farmer, to ascertain the advantage of steaming this preparation, before feeding, and was much pleased with the result. The milk evidently was increased 25 per cent., and the capacity of the food for giving out its nutritive qualities almost the same.—*Farmer's Register.*

From the New York Farmer.

Feeding Pigs on Raw & Steamed Food.

—We take the following report of experiments of feeding pigs on raw and steamed food, by MR. ROBERT WALKER, Ferrygate, Haddington, from the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland.

We put up to feed, on the 4th March 1833, five pigs on steamed potatoes, and five on raw potatoes, with an allowance of 2 1-2 lbs. of broken barley each lot: the barley, for the steamed lot, being steamed along with the potatoes. They were allowed the same quantity of potatoes, but, from the circumstance of their being, when put up, only 2 1-2 months old, and from the same brood, we were not able to keep so accurate an account of the quantity of potatoes consumed, because, as they increased in size, they ate more potatoes.

The following Table will exhibit the improvement in pounds weight.

1833.		Weight in lbs.
March 4.	Live weight of five pigs, on raw food,	108
	Ditto of five ditto, steamed food,	106
	Difference in favor of raw food,	2
" 19.	Live weight of five pigs on steamed food,	114
	Ditto of 5 ditto, on raw food,	111
	Difference in favor of steamed food,	3
" 30.	Live weight of 5 pigs, on steamed food,	137
	Ditto of 5 ditto, on raw food,	123 1-2
	Difference in favor of steamed food,	13 1-2
May 1.	Live weight of 5 pigs, on	

	steamed food,	205
	Ditto of 5 ditto, on raw food.	176
	Difference in favor of steam-	
	ed food,	30
June 1.	Live weight of 5 pigs, on	
	steamed food,	279
	Ditto of 5 ditto on raw food,	223
	Total difference in favor of steam-	
	ed food,	56

In the three months, the pigs on steamed food have increased 273 lbs., being 67 lbs. more than double; while those on raw food have only increased 115 lbs., being 7 lbs. more than double their first weight, so that there can be very little doubt that steamed food is more profitable for feeding pigs than raw food. In fact, the reporter does not think it possible to make pigs fat on raw potatoes, without other food when confined to them alone.

From the New York Farmer.

Questions addressed to Farmers.

Do you know the kind of nature of the sub-soil of your farm?

Can the texture of your farm be improved, by mixing the lower soil with the surface one?

Are you sure you apply the manure most suitable for your land?

Have you ever made any close calculations to ascertain whether you are pursuing a course of farming best adapted to your situation and circumstances?

Have you ever considered the means by which mankind have advanced from a rude savage method of tilling the ground to the present system of farming?

Are you prejudiced against information derived from books?

Have you ever inquired whether you are foolish or rational in entertaining such a prejudice?

Have you a son who is addicted to excessive drinking, and fond of visiting public houses evenings and rainy days? Has he any taste for reading? Had you put into his hands an agricultural paper before he acquired the habit of drinking, do you not think it probable he would have become more interested in farming, and now been a temperate happy man?

Do you suppose it a matter of perfect indifference whether a farmer reads agricultural works or not? Do you suppose the benefits derived from such reading are to be placed in the balance with two or three dollars, the annual cost of such books?

Do you endeavor to impress your sons with the idea that their education on leaving school is by no means completed; that reading and writing on practical subjects, are admirably calculated to strengthen the mind?

Are you willing to acknowledge that you and your sons think so superficially on all subjects relating to farming, that not a single thought enters your minds worthy of being put on paper, and sent to the New York Farmer? Or are you so entirely unaccustomed to recording your thoughts, that you will not try to put them on paper? In either case, you are not mentally lazy? N. R.

PRESERVING POTATOES.—A writer in the N. E. Farmer gives the following directions for securing potatoes: "When the potatoes are ripe in the fall, that is, when the vines are dead, I dig them and put them into a pit, dug on a knoll, with a trench two feet deep, leading from the pit out, in which I place a common pump log, with the end to the edge of the hole. After placing boards over the hole, cover the whole with a thickness of earth sufficient to prevent the frost from reaching them. In this way any quantity can be put together without any danger of their heating. Care should be taken to prevent the mice from getting to the hole thro' the log, by nailing a piece of tin with holes punched in it at the outer end."

To preserve Pumpkins through the Winter and Spring.—When taken from the vine, open them, and throw away the soft contents which are found in their inside. Then cut them into small pieces, and dry them in the sun, or in the oven. Preserve them in a dry place. They may be either pounded or boiled before they are used.

Prepared in this manner, they make a cheap and excellent food for cattle, horses, and hogs. Many thousand pounds might be saved in grain to our farmers, and to our country, by the general use of this wholesome and nourishing food for domestic animals. They afford more nourishment than the potato or scarcity-root; they are cultivated with less trouble, and yield a much larger increase from the same labor.—*Southern Planter.*

Summary.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND. By the ship Trenton, Capt. Davis, which arrived here on Sunday, the Messrs. Topliff received files of London and Liverpool papers to the 25th ult. inclusive. The Trenton sailed from Liverpool on Sunday the 26th. The contents of the papers are of very little interest.

The illness of the President of the Chamber of Peers had prevented the conclusion of the trial of the Lyons prisoners, on Saturday.

The report of an attempt on the life of the Duke of Weimar, is very exaggerated. It seems that a Dutch officer in a state of hallucination, being refused an audience of his Serene Highness, broke out into violent language, and put his hand to his sword; he was instantly seized by the Duke and his Aid de Camp, and delivered to the guard, and thence conveyed to a mad-house. The Duke is extremely unpopular in Belgium.

A steamer is about to make a pleasure trip from Glasgow to Iceland—distant from the Bute of Lewis, only 400 miles. From the descriptions of that remote Island, which represent it as a dreary solitude, covered with plains and pools of burning sulphur and pitch, we should suppose the excursion would be one of scientific curiosity rather than of pleasurable gratification. To those, however, whose appetite for continental novelties is sated by frequent tours through the ordinary routes, it must possess a piquant interest, unique character which the objects there unfolded exhibit.—*London Paper.*

Professor Olmstead, and Mr. Loomis, of Yale College, have published a card in the New Haven Herald, in which they state that on the night of the 31st ult. they saw the Comet. "Its present position is north of the Bull's horns, below the vertex of an equilateral triangle, formed with those two stars. It is nearly a line between the planet Jupiter and the Pleiades or seven stars, and nearer to the former."

Charges have been preferred against the Rev. Mr. McDowell, editor of the McDowell's Journal, published in New York, which represents him as a villain and a swindler. The charges are made by a society with which he has been connected.—*Hartford Patriot.*

A letter from Vicksburgh states, that the chief man of the gamblers had returned there a few days before, for the purpose of removing his family; but that after having entered his house, a beautiful building, he became so much alarmed, that in a short time he absolutely died of fright.

Narrow Escape.—A gentleman was standing on the wharf, apprehending no danger, when the Sarah blew up, in Boston. A plank came whizzing by him with tremendous force, and took off the skirts of his coat without doing further damage.

The crops in the South and West, notwithstanding the cry that has been raised, appear to be very abundant. It appears to be a general policy to create the impression of a scarcity to effect the prices.

Editor's Fate.—The editor of the Cheltenham Mercury has had his nose bitten off by a person whose name he had used in his paper not quite satisfactory.

Mobile.—Several persons who came into the city were recently seized and beaten severely on the supposition that they were gamblers, and obliged to leave the city.

A few evenings since a lad in Baltimore, fell from a four story window, in which he had got asleep, and landed on a brick pavement, without any more serious injury to his person than that it awoke him.

Cholera.—It is stated that ten or twelve persons were taken suddenly ill of Cholera at Bel-Air Md. after partaking of crabs, seven of whom died.

Four pence ha' pennies.—The banks of Philadelphia have agreed not to receive "fourpence ha' pennies" for more than five cents.

Big Boat.—A steam boat is building in New-York over 200 feet long 29 feet 6 inches beam, and 11 feet 5 inches hold.

A Rail Road is about to be commenced between Covington Ohio, and Paris, Ken. Distance, about 75 miles.

The Kennebec Journal, published at Augusta remarks that a few years ago it took about a week to go from that place to Boston and return, now merchants go and return in three days. Two gentlemen left Augusta on Friday morning, arrived at Portland and took the steamboat in the evening of the same day, and at 5 o'clock the next morning they were in Boston. They remained in Boston 17 hours, including the whole day, on Saturday took the boat for Portland, and arrived in Augusta on Sunday evening.—They are looking forward to the construction of the rail road, when the journey will be performed in a much shorter space of time.

Zincographic Drawings.—We recently paid a visit to Messrs. Chapman & Co's. Zinc Plate establishment, in Cornhill, and, we confess, with a gratification which it is not often our lot to feel, even in this wonder working age. Most of our readers are acquainted, more or less, with the advantages of lithography. These advantages Messrs. Chapman & Co. have, by a most ingenious process, transferred to their art. The prints we have seen, have all the sharpness and firmness of the best specimens of stone drawing: and have these additional advantages, that they do not require that immense labor from the artist in getting up, and that they are made on a plate scarcely thicker than a common Bristol board instead of requiring a stone almost big enough to build a house with. Another branch of their valuable patent extends to the manufacture of a transfer paper, on which any person who can draw at all may make a sketch, and have it transferred to the zinc plate, and printed from this to the extent of six or seven thousand copies. We saw a part of a sheet of the Times newspaper thus transferred, the impression of which was as clear as the original print. The universality of its application to maps, surveys, book-prints, &c. will make this, in a few years, one of the most extensively employed of the arts: and in the meantime, we are glad to be among the first to call the attention of the public to a discovery, which will rank among the most wonderful of the nineteenth century.—*London Paper.*

Rather Remarkable. Mr. Freebody, who died a few days since at Gloucester, Mass. was buried by the side of his sixteen children by one wife; and has left five living.

Mr. Freebody and his wife have very freely obeyed one command at least That of helping to multiply and replenish the earth.

Tit for Tat. The Boston Post tells us of a lad in that city, who was fined \$1 for throwing a stone into Governor Hutchinson's pear tree—and concludes by saying that the worthy Governor himself had been fined the same amount a week or two previous, for catching the same boy on suspicion of throwing a stone at the same tree.

The Agents of the U. S. are now paying the Indians at this place. The number here has been estimated at from 2 to 4 thousand, and a more motley group eye never beheld. Yesterday they had a dance through some of our principal streets around the star spangled banner. Their clothing is of every color, bright red predominating, and bedizened with bracelets, ribbons and feathers, they presented a scene in which art and nature were strangely jumbled up together. On Monday, we understand that one was tried by his tribe for the murder of a squaw, and sentenced to death. He was shot by a chief a short distance from town.—*Chicago Ill. Democrat.*

"Some things can be done as well as others." Mr. Scott of Philadelphia, made a great jump and dive opposite Troy. He leaped from a height of from two to three hundred feet, and in the act of jumping, threw two somersets and discharged two loaded pistols, before he struck the water.

Marriages.

In Portland, Mr Lendal G. S. Boyd to Miss Theresa Orne, daughter of Hon. Nicholas Emery.
In Livermore, Mr. E. H. W. Smith, of Augusta, to Miss Sarah Haskell, of Livermore.
In Newport, John Benson, M. D. to Miss Achsa Jane, daughter of Wm. Martin, Esq.

Deaths.

In this town, a child of Mr. Gorham A. Luce.
In Portland, Sept. 2, Marion Prentice, only child of Mr. George H. Cheney, aged 14 months.
In Augusta, Augustus Sayward, son of Mr. Wm. Sayward, aged 12 years—a member of the Baptist Sabbath School.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—MONDAY Aug. 31.

Reported for the Boston Patriot.

PRICES. Beef Cattle—Prime 30s a 32s; good 23s 6d a 30s; thin oxen and cows 24s a 27s; two year old 21s a 22s 6d.

Stores—Yearlings \$6 a 8; two year old 10 a 15. Sheep—Wethers 18s, 19 6d, a 21s; a few Cosses, extra, \$6.

Cows and Calves—Sales at 20, 23, 25, 30 and \$31.

Swine—A few were retailed at 5 a 6 for Sows, and 6 a 7 for barrows.

Short-Horned Stock.

The subscriber offers for sale the following prime animals, all of the Improved Durham Short Horned breed, viz:—

2 thorough bred Bulls, each 4 years old.
2 do do do do 5 months old.
1 3-4 blood do one year old.

R. H. GREEN.

Winslow, Aug. 28, 1835.

Auction.

Will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the 12th day of September next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all the right, title and interest belonging to Mary Follet, Abigail Sutherland, Jesse Follet, Sophrona Follet and Rheuama Follet, all minors, heirs of Michael Follet, late of Winthrop, deceased, situate in Winthrop and described as follows, viz: all the right of said minors to the Farm on which said Michael Follet lived at the time of his decease.

MOSES WHITE, *Guardian for said minors.*

Winthrop, July 29, 1835.

TO INVALIDS.

DR. RICHARDSON, of South Reading, Mass. has (in compliance with the earnest solicitations of his numerous friends,) consented to offer his celebrated

VEGETABLE BITTERS AND PILLS,

to the public, which he has used in his extensive practice more than thirty years, and they have been the means of restoring to health thousands of Invalids, pronounced incurable by Physicians.

No. 1. Are recommended to Invalids of either sex, afflicted with any of the following complaints, viz:—Dyspepsia; Sinking, Faintness or Burning in the Stomach; Palpitation of the Heart; Increased or Diminished Appetite; Dizziness or Headache; Costiveness; Pain in the Side; Flatulency; Weakness of the Back; and Bilious Complaints.

No. 2. Is designed for the cure of that class of inveterate diseases, which arise from an impure state of the Blood, and exhibit themselves in the forms of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Scald Head in children and various other cutaneous diseases. It is an excellent remedy for Females afflicted with a sore mouth while nursing or at any other time.

Plain & Practical directions accompanying the above Vegetable Medicines, and they may be taken without any hindrance of business or amusement, and will if persisted in prevent and cure numerous diseases, which daily send many of our worthiest to a premature grave.

Observe that none are genuine without the written signature of NATHAN RICHARDSON & SON, on the outside wrapper.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by DAVID GRIF-FITH, Portland, Sole agent, and also by the following persons, viz:

SAMUEL CHANDLER, Winthrop; Thomas Chase, North Yarmouth; H. M. Prescott, Brunswick; Otis C. Waterman, New Gloucester; Nathan Reynolds, Lewiston; E. Latham, Gray; A. E. Small, Saco.

Evils of Using Tobacco.

A Disquisition on the Evils of Using Tobacco, and the necessity of immediate and entire reformation; by ORIN FOWLER, A. M. for sale at this office. Price 6 1-4 cents.

Notice.

The members of the Winthrop Union Temperance Society are reminded that their semi-annual meeting will be held at the Brick School House in this village, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 15, at 7 o'clock.
J. J. MILLIKEN, Sec'y pro tem.
Winthrop, Sept. 8, 1835.

James B. Murch,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Turner—Oxford County, Maine.

J. B. M. will give punctual attendance to all business entrusted to his care in the Counties of Oxford and Kennebec.

Republic of Letters.

THE Fifty-second number of the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS closed the first year of the work. It was commenced as an experiment. The liberal patronage it has received, as well as the favor bestowed upon other works of the like kind which have followed in its track, shows that the plan of the work is approved, and has given it a permanency which induces the publisher to make such improvements and alterations as he believes will be acceptable to subscribers, and to give it a further claim upon the reading community.

The publisher has the pleasure of stating that the work will hereafter be edited by Mrs A. H. NICHOLAS, who will hereafter receive the aid and advice of Washington Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, Edward Everett, Charles F. Hoffman, in making the necessary selections for it.

The change in the form of the work, from quarto to octavo, has met with the approbation of all the subscribers with whom the publisher has been enabled to confer.

The work will be published weekly, as usual at 6 1-4 cts. each number, or \$3 per year to those who receive the work by mail and pay in advance. Each number will contain thirty-two pages.

The first two volumes comprising the first year, contain the following works, (each work being complete and entire) and may be had bound or in numbers.

The Man of Feelings, by Mackenzie: The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith: The Tales of the Hall, by Crabbe: The Letters of Lady Wortley Montague, by Rasselas, by Dr Johnson: Castle of Otranto, by Horace Walpole: The old English Baron, by Clara Reeve: Dr Franklin's Life and Essays: Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, by Wilson: The Adventures of Gill Blas, from the French of Le Sage, by Smollet: Julia de Roubigne, by Mackenzie: Mazeppa, by Lord Byron: The Tapestry Chamber, by Walter Scott: The Dream of Eugene Aram, by Hood: Zeluco, by Dr Moore: Essays, moral, economical, and political, by the Lord Chancellor Bacon: Chevy Chase: L'Allegro, by Milton: Il pensero, by Milton: Italian and Spanish Proverbs: The History of Charles XII., by Voltaire: Manfred by Elizabeth, by Mad. Cotton: Retaliation, by Goldsmith: The Man of the World, by Mackenzie: Gulliver's Travels, by Swift: Essay on the Human Understanding, by Locke: Don Quixotte, by Cervantes: Memoirs of Prince Eugene, by himself, &c: The Dairy of an Invalid: The Deserted Village, by Goldsmith: Life of Henry Lord Bolingbroke: Belinbroke: Belisarius, by Marmonet: Pope's Essay on Man: Collection of Apothegms, by Lord Bacon.

* * Communications relating to the work addressed post paid to J. HANCOCK, 127 Washington st., Boston, General Agent for the Eastern States, will meet with attention.

Publishers, of Newspapers in the above States who will insert this advertisement, and forward the paper, shall receive the work for one year.

Note Found.

On the road from this Village to Wayne Mills, a Note of hand, dated September 23, 1833, for \$30, payable on the first day of April, 1834, with interest, upon which there is an endorsement of \$11, July 15, 1834. The owner is requested to call at this office, prove property, pay charges and take the Note.
Winthrop, Aug. 25, 1835.

FIFTH YEAR OF THE**BOSTON PEARL,
And Literary Gazette,**

Commences on the Nineteenth of September, 1835.

This Popular Journal is published every Saturday at No. 19, Water Street, and contains ORIGINAL TALES, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, MUSIC, &c.

Its very extensive and rapidly increasing circulation is the Best comment on its Cheapness and Value.

Persons ordering the work, must enclose Three Dollars for a Year's Payment, and note in what County and State the Town is, to which they will have it sent.

All orders (Post Paid) should be addressed to ISAAC C. PRAY, JR.

Editor of the Pearl, BOSTON, Mass.

N. B. Any person sending Fifteen Dollars at one time, shall have Six Copies sent according to his order.
August 1835.

STEAM BOAT LINE FROM**BOSTON TO GARDINER,****ARRANGEMENT FOR AUGUST,****The New Steamer Portland,**

JABEZ HOWES, Jr. Master, will leave Union Wharf Portland, for Boston every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY

at 7 o'clock P. M.

Will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, for Portland every

TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY

at 7 o'clock P. M.

The Steamer Macdonough,

NATHANIEL KIMBALL, Master,

Will leave Union Wharf, Portland, for Bath and Gardiner every

WEDNESDAY & SUNDAY, at 8 o'clock A. M.

And will leave Gardiner for Bath & Portland every MONDAY & FRIDAY at 9 o'clock A. M.

FARE.

From Boston to Gardiner,	\$5.00	} and found.
" " to Portland,	3.00	
" Portland to Bath,	1.50	
" " to Gardiner,	2.00	

AGENTS.

Messrs. J. B. SMITH, Boston.

CHARLES MOODY, Portland.

THOMAS G. JEWETT, Gardiner.

Stages will be in readiness to take the passengers from Gardiner to Hallowell and Augusta on the arrival of the Boat, and taking passengers from Augusta and Hallowell to Gardiner on the morning of the McDonough's sailing.
Gardiner, August 15, 1835.

White Mulberry Seed,

Warranted to be of the growth of 1835—for sale at this office. This seed was raised in Mansfield, Conn. and is a first rate article.

The seed may be sown now, and the plants covered deeply by straw and litter, which will prevent their winter killing. Price 50 cents per ounce.

August 19, 1835.

For Sale.

Just received and for sale at this office, the Complete Farmer and Rural Economist; containing a compendious epitome of the most important branches of Agriculture and Rural Economy, by Thomas G. Fessenden. Also, the New American Gardener, by T. G. Fessenden; the New American Orchardist, by Wm. Kenrick; the Northern Shepherd, by a Committee of the Ken. Co. Ag. Society; 1st volume of the Maine Farmer, neatly bound; Six Months in a Convent, by Miss Reed; Letter and Pot Paper of different qualities.

Thrashing Machines.

The right for using PITTS' PATENT HORSE POWER and THRASHING MACHINE in the towns of Litchfield, Lisbon, Topsham, Bowdoin, Bowdoinham and Richmond, for sale by OLIVER HERRICK.

Lewiston, Aug. 1835.

Poetry.

The Consumptive.

No, never more—my setting sun
Hath sunk his evening rays;
And this poor heart is nearly done
With hope of better days.
I feel it in my clay cold hand,
The hard and fast expiring breath;
For now, so near the tomb I stand,
I breathe the chilling airs of death.

No, never more—it all is vain—
But O, how Memory leans
To see, and hear, and feel again
Its youth-inspiring scenes!
And deep the sigh that memory heaves,
When, one by one they all are fled,
As autumn gales, on yellow leaves,
That winter on their woodland bed.

No, never more—I may not view
The summer vale and hill,
The glorious heaven, the ocean's blue,
The forest, dark and still—
The evening's beauty, once so dear,
That bears the glowing thoughts above,
When nature seems to breathe and hear
The voiceless eloquence of love.

No, never more—when prisoners wait
The death-call to their doom,
And see, beyond their dungeon gate,
The scaffold and the tomb,
On the fair earth and sun-bright heaven,
Their gaze how fervently they cast!
So death to life a charm hath given,
And made it loveliest at the last.

No, never more—and now farewell!
The bitter word is said;
And soon above my green-roofed cell
The careless foot will tread.
My heart has found its rest above,
The cares of earth are passing by;
And O, it is a voice of love,
That whispers—it is time to die!

Miscellany.

Whaling in the Pacific.

CHAPTER II.

Preparations for taking Whales—Directions of the Captain.

As soon as the anchors were stowed, the cables unbent and all snug, a little grinstone, which had been several times round Cape Horn, was cast loose from its station at the try-works, and dragged a-midships,—when the boat-steerers, having exchanged several whispers, with great gravity, and cast many an ominous glance at the boys who sat upon the windlass whittling throwl-pins, vanished into the fore-hold, and soon returned lugging up their armfuls of harpoons and lances. This display of barbed iron and edged steel, operated like a spell upon every one. The captain dropped his smooth plane, the mate stalked heavily forward;—Ben looked wondrous wise, and the boys cast a scowling glance at the 'Wheel of Fortune.' The second mate pouted, and approached the scene of action, demanding of his boat-steerer whether he had picked out his lances yet. By this time Mr. Hussey had joined the squad.—He took up one of the irons, and after turning it over several times in his hands, and surveying it with an exulting scrutiny, similar to that betrayed by Ulysses when he received his long-lost bow, he said to Mr Swain, 'How far can you dart an iron?'

There was an air of conscious superiority in the manner of Mr Hussey, when he asked the question which Swain could not well brook; he therefore took a lance in his hand, and directing his discourse to Starbuck, his boat-steerer. 'In grinding your irons,' said he, 'observe this rule: lay the whole broad side flat on the stone, and do not lift it, until you think it is completely done.—Serve all the four sides in that way, and you will have a sharp iron.' 'Mast heads there,' shouted the captain from the quarter deck. 'Go up, Richards,' said the first mate, 'look all round, and see what you can see; and see a sperm whale, if you can see one, and see that you sing out, if you do see one. Go on the

top-sail yard—that's high enough. The old man will make some jack-cross-trees soon; and if he don't I don't care, for I don't want to see no whale till the ship's put to rights, and we get our boats ready. Mr Swain, get up the spun-yarn wench, and let's have them new yarns spun up for sarving the back stays, and set the boys to making sinnet out of them old strands in the bezzil.' All hands were soon employed, some in the rigging, and others in fitting the boats.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the bell struck eight. The decks were swept, and the crew knocked off work. All hands were then called aft, when the captain and officers proceeded to choosing boats crews. After every boat had received her complement of men, Ben stood in some little confusion upon finding himself overlooked in the choice—as the Scripture saith: 'Behold, the harvest is passed, and the winter is come, and I am not gathered.' But Ben's alarm was premature, and he found that although last, he was not least, when the captain invested him with all the privileges, honors, and degrees of ship-keeper. 'You will take charge of the ship,' said the sagacious captain, when I am off after whales.—Your crew is the cook and steward; you must make them mind you. When we are off in the boats, you must station yourself at mast-head, and not come down, except when you want to work the ship. You must keep in sight of the boats, and as near to them as you can without gallying the whales. If you get a boat stove, you must go to her with the ship. Keep the run of the whales too. If the boats are near enough to the ship to see you, take off your hat, and stretch out your arm toward the whales. If the boats are so far off from the ship that they cannot discern you, then hoist the jib, if the whales come up to leeward, then brail up the spanker. If they come up to windward, haul out the spanker, and run down the jib. As long as the whales are up, keep the little black signal flying; when the whales go down, take in your signal. If anything happens in my absence, that makes you want me on board, hoist the colors at the mizen peak. See that the cook has victuals prepared for the men in the boats against the return of the boats; and if we get any whale, mix a whole bucket full of switchell. If as how you can do all this, Ben, we'll have you for ship-keeper.'

Ben stroked his whiskers, and looked up a-gum. He was much pleased with his newly acquired dignity for two reasons. 1st—He had liked to do with every body just as he pleased. 2dly—He had heard such dismal tales of hair-breadth 'scapes, stoven boats, broken necks, since he had embarked in this new enterprise, that he thought he would rather face affrigate's flaming battery than a vicious sperm whale.

Two jack-cross-trees were made by the captain and placed over the top-gallant-heads—one at the fore, the other at the main. One man was stationed on each, to look out for whales, and relieved every two hours. One of the boat-steerers was kept continually aloft with the man on the main-top-gallant cross-trees—so that while one watched, the other covertly slept. Many a long nap have I enjoyed at mast-head—and as I have slept, my narrative must here enjoy a repose of a few weeks, and waking again we find ourselves within hail of the Equinoctial Line, where the reader will perceive, occurrences took place enough to wake the soundest sleeper.

Blacksmith Wanted.

FOGG & SYLVESTER would like to employ a young man at the Blacksmithing business. One partially acquainted with the business would answer and would meet with good encouragement.

Winthrop, Sept. 1, 1835.

Fisk & Hinkley's
NEW PATENT BRICK MACHINE.

For sale by the subscriber at East Livermore, or the following agents—K. G. Robinson, Hallowell; William Wade, Augusta; F. F. Haines, East Livermore; Daniel Hobbs, Portland; John Miller, Warren; Kidder & Tarball, Boston; Col. Cobb, Gray; Moses Emery, Saco; Nathan Elden, Buxton; Reuben R. Dunn, Poland; Joseph Haskell, Monmouth; E. McLellan, Gardiner, and William Reed of Norway. Said machines are warranted to answer well the purpose for which they are intended.

June 4, 1835.

JOB HASKELL.

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Notice.

The subscriber hereby requests all those who are indebted to him for professional services, done previous to January 1835, to call and make payment immediately.

C. KNAPP.

Winthrop, July 8, 1835.

Moses Adams,

Deputy Sheriff and Coroner,—Greene, Kennebec County, Maine.

Wanted,

1st and 2d Nos. of the 2d vol. of the Maine Farmer. Double price will be paid for them at this office.

Celebrated Horse Powder.

THE various diseases to which the HORSE is subject, have occasioned many remedies to be offered to the public, under different forms with high ecomiums. Some of these are injurious,—others at best, of little use. A judicious and useful combination has long been desired. This is recommended in the following cases:

For Horses foundered by eating to excess, or drinking cold water when warm, to such as discover any symptoms of Glanders, the Distemper, Cough and Yellow Water, or are exposed to infection by being with other Horses affected with these complaints, and in all cases attended with feverish symptoms, sluggishness, loss of appetite or depression of spirits.

The dose for a sick Horse is one table-spoonful night and morning, mixed with a light mess of short feed, or made into a drench: when intended to keep a Horse in health, a table-spoonful once a week will be sufficient, and at the same time a table-spoonful of Salts in his food.

Prepared and sold by JAMES BOWMAN,
GARDINER, Maine.

We the undersigned having examined the Recipe for making the Horse Powder prepared by James Bowman of Gardiner, Me., do not hesitate to say it is a scientific combination, and from experience and observation we are persuaded to say that it is a good preparation for many diseases of Horses for which it is recommended.

D. NEAL,
D. H. MIRICK.

We the subscribers having made use of the Horse Powders prepared by James Bowman, Gardiner, Maine, most cheerfully recommend them to the public for Distemper and Coughs.

CHARLES SAGER, }
A. T. PERKINS, } Gardiner.
J. D. GARDINER. }
SAMUEL HODGDON, } Pittston.
BENJ. HODGES, } Augusta.
JOHN H. ELDRIDGE }

— ALSO —

THE Genuine "ROLLINS' IMPROVED LINIMENT" for Horses and Oxen, and even for Persons afflicted with Rheumatism, Strains, Sprains or Chilblains—it is not second to any other Liniment, British Oil or Opodeldoc now in use. tf.

WINTHROP

Silk Hat Establishment.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the public that they have recently commenced the manufacture of SILK HATS, at the old Stand where purchasers can be furnished with a good article, warranted. They will make to order every Shape, Size and Colour, which is desired.

They also continue to keep as usual a large stock of FUR HATS of every description, wholesale and retail.

N. B. They will pay cash for all kinds of Hattings and Shipping furs, and for Wool Skins.

CARR & SHAW.

Winthrop, April, 1835.

Notice.

The members of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society are reminded that their assessment of one dollar must be paid in the month of September, in order that the Society may avail itself of the bounty from the State. WILLIAM NOYES, Recording Secretary of the Society, is authorized to receive the same.

Per order of the Trustees.